

THE METROPOLITAN.

DECEMBER, 1842.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Midsummer Eve. A Tale. In 3 volumes.

There is a commanding interest in this work : it is not made to hinge upon the minor passions or more petty purposes of our nature, but has a loftier scope and larger minded aim. It is a tale of the Reformation ; its theme, the emancipation of men's minds from the thralldom of bigotry, and of a nation from the yokedom of superstition. Finely conceived and powerfully written, we follow the narrative with a thrilling interest, and are carried through scenes of stirring excitement and deep pathos, in which characters deeply engraven on the historic page are made to show their deeds before us. The date of the story is that in which the morose Philip of Spain and the moody and melancholy Mary shared the throne of England, and while the struggles between the old supremacy and the new-born Protestantism were all rife in the land. Of all the various forms of enthusiasms religious enthusiasm burns with the direst flame, and this it is which animates the hearts of the actors of this spirit-stirring drama. On the one hand it is "*compel* them to come in" to the pale of the church, on the other it is resistance unto death ; and in the fierce contest between these most intense of human emotions we have electrical effects of clashing energies. The author has proved himself well versed in the manners of the century and the scene which he has chosen to depicture. His description of the minutiae of manners, and his happy facility of describing places, seem to carry us over time and space to the very date and locality of his story. The dwellers in our great metropolis will find it curious to mark the changes which have been working as he daily passes to and fro, while those who are enjoying the quiet of a country house will realize from this able picture what London was in the sixteenth century. In this subordinate point of view alone the work is a valuable picture, proving research and the power of combining in no ordinary degree. The aspect of society is

also ably marked in' all its varying grades, from the bigoted queen upon her uneasy throne, with her heartless husband at her side, down to the merry city 'prentices, with their holiday sports and their quaint apparel. Our author possesses in a high degree that power of adaptation, that peculiar faculty of mind, which seem almost intuitively to enable their possessors to throw themselves in imagination into any new scene, to seize on its leading points, and to impress them life-like on the canvass of portraiture. This species of embodiment seems to bring his actors before us with a sort of truthfulness that approaches to verity. The faculty, too, of tracing out the various tortuous windings of the heart while prosecuting its most cunning purposes, is an eminent part of this author's power: by its means we behold the working of the passions as through some medium of transparency, and though the opposing strife sometimes assumes a fearful intensity, the interest deepens in proportion. Thus, when we are admitted into Queen Mary's privacy, in the scene succeeding her confessional, in a chamber of almost undistinguishable richness, from the solemn gloom and excluded light, save and except where its concentrated irradiation is cast upon the elevated image of the Crucified, and on the hapless woman wearing the mockery of a crown, emaciated, unloved, desponding, and mentally enslaved beneath the iron rule of a mistaking priest, and hearing from his lips the falsest of all lessons, that the violation of the innate laws of humanity is and can be acceptable to Him who made them, we connect at once the low-breathed words of the sick queen in her shadowed and shrowded chamber with the blazing burnings of the flames in Smithfield. It gives us an imposing measurement of the power of thought, when we consider that the whisperings of the mind of one solitary individual may prove the origin of actions, the effects of which may be perpetuated to the remotest generations. When Luther, in the secret chambers of the brain, first suffered the questionings of his bold spirit to have audience and discussion, little might he estimate the influence which those secret communings might bear on unborn generations; and though *thought* may not ever have this pre-eminence, yet it would be idle to endeavour to trace out the progressive course of one single spring of the mind in its future self-worked channel. The martyr's fires were set alight because a priest thought to please a Being whose chief attribute is love, by offering up to him whole holocausts of hate, and because a woman's weak reason overruled her yet weaker heart. Had Queen Mary had a stronger mind, it could not have been so deplorably misguided, and had she had a more feeling heart, its impulses would have had the mastery, and guided her aright. The deeply-impassioned description which our author gives of Smithfield and its burning piles, with the martyrs enwrapped in their robes of flames; the pulpit, with the preaching priest, violating, while he did so, his Master's law of love; the civic dignitaries beholding and effecting the accomplishment of the ecclesiastical sentence; the hirelings with their garb of office; the myrmidons and guards, the myriads of spectators peopling the arena, and the crowded windows, housetops, loops, and crevices, all dense with curious eyes, and prominent and conspicuous in the vengeful scene, Bishop Bonner, like the master-spirit of cruelty, ruling and dic-

tating all,—we say that we have here a scene containing elements of interest scarcely to be rivalled.

We do not enter more openly into this fine dramatic tale, because we believe that it will be widely read: but we turn from the doings to the doers. The actors are finely imagined, and their actions so justly consequent upon their characters, that we at once are struck by the truthfulness of nature. Each person does what he or she alone could properly do; one single action committed by another person would have distorted the tale; and this consecutiveness may be carried even into the language of every character in the book: not a sentence would bear transposition: not one but would suffer from different utterance. The most touchingly depicted and the most poetically imagined is, however, the little blind girl, the humble net-maker, the simple, childlike, yet most acute of Nature's children, who sometimes, but rarely, in cases few and far between, shows how much intellect may be associated with how much innocence. This is eminently the case with poor blind Annot Palmer; and these opposite characteristics are eminently developed while standing helpless and alone before the appalling ecclesiastical commission. Contrasted with this gentle, loving, trustful, and simple being, we have Ralph the Fool, in whom it is difficult to know whether his brains are in the right place, though it is easy enough to see that his heart is. Anne Granville is another beautiful specimen of right feeling and beautiful girlhood: we seem to see her on her birthday arrayed in her jewelled garb and surrounded by her kinsfolk, and to be spectators with them of the right old English games of the day. The knight, her father, is a fine specimen of the old noble national aristocracy, with a pride and a generosity commensurate with each other, and encircling home, tenantry, neighbourhood, and even country, as things, every jot of which were to be cared for and protected. The good old Tonstall, too, the Bishop of Durham, is happily introduced as a redeeming balance to the vengeful men with whom he is associated, while Bishop Bonner moves the dark spirit of the whole.

It is time for us to close our notice, though the work is one so fruitful in suggestive thoughts and reflections that it is difficult to leave it. For interest, for vigour, for power, for pathos, for active energy and life-like portraiture, it may fairly take its place among the highest of its class.

We give a scene of the doings of England in the sixteenth century.

“‘Open the door,’ interrupted the Bishop; ‘and let us see what order is within—a rare filthy nest, I warrant.’”

“When the door was opened, the Bishop started back aghast at the sight; then calling on the knight and the chaplain to follow him, rushed into the church. There was little of a very frightful nature visible: it was a small church, of which the floor was covered with rude seats of ancient wood; the walls of clear white were inscribed with a dozen sentences of holy writ, and the communion table was covered with a plain cloth. But of all the horrors imaginable to man, this was the worst, in the opinion of Dr. Bonner.

“‘Look there, sirs! look there, Doctor! look there, Sir Thomas Granville! Saw ye ever before such a den of filth as this? By my father’s

soul, I never saw the like, and I pray God these cursed walls do not tumble on our heads. Follow me! follow me!

"The Bishop strode up to the chancel, where was a reading-desk similar to the one at the door: he rushed up to it, and having glanced into the book, wrenched off the iron chain, and threw the folio away with all his might.

"*'Bibles! Bibles!'* cried he; *'nothing but Bibles. By God, this parish ought to be burned to the ground with every soul; for if there had been a single Christian in it, such a vile hole as this could not have been so near London and I not know it. Would you believe, sirs, that yonder book is the Bible—Coverdale's Bible, which was ordered to be destroyed a year past? By God, sirs, the worst book ever brought into the realm! for it hath made more heretics than all other. Now, John Smith—hey, you villain, what art thou?'*

"The cause of this last exclamation was, that as the Bishop turned towards the churchwarden, he observed a person take up the Bible, and place it very carefully on the desk. This person, as he turned about, the Bishop discovered to be Master Barker, the minister.

"*'God-a-mercy, fellow!'* quoth the Bishop, *'thou art bold to take up a book that I have cast down.'*

"*'It is the Holy Bible, my lord.'*

"*'The holy devil, knave! Art thou the parson of this church?'*

"*'Yea, my lord.'*

"*'Then didst thou not receive our mandate ordering thee to erect a well-favoured rood of goodly stature, and other necessary ornaments of the altar, while thou hast nothing but a table?'*

"*'Please you, my lord,'* interposed the churchwarden, *'the old rood was pulled down in Edward's time, and now we be so poor we cannot—'*

"*'Get thee out, fool!'* cried the Bishop, *'I will have thee to give answer at my consistory in Paul's, and thence thou wilt go to Newgate. But, Barker, what meaneth these writings on the wall, taken out of yonder forbidden book? Did I not send thee, on the 15th of October last, that thou shouldest abolish and extinguish such scriptures and paintings on thy walls, so that by no means they could be either read or seen, warning thee that thou and thy churchwardens, yea, and thy parishioners, too, should appear before us, and be excommunicated for lack of doing it? Didst thou not receive my mandate?'*

"*'Yea, my lord.'*

"*'Then why hast thou not obeyed it?'*

"*'Please you, my lord, to hear me patiently; I will explain it.'*

"*'Patiently, knave!'* the Bishop began to bawl, when the Knight stopped him by observing—*'I pray you, my lord, hear the worthy priest; it seemeth to me unreasonable that a man should be condemned without a hearing.'*

"Bonner then maintained a sullen silence while Barker said—

"*'My lord, I was ordained to the ministry of Christ by Dr. Cranmer, in the time of King Edward. There were then the rood, the pix, the altar, and all other necessities for performing the popish ceremonies—'*

"*'Popish! thou rascal!'* cried the Bishop, *'dost thou not know that word is forbidden?'*

"*'I beg pardon, my lord, I would say the Romish church—'*

"*'Nay, why sayest thou not the Catholic church?'*

"*'I mean, my lord, the church in which you are a bishop. I was commanded by my bishop to renounce those things, and in their stead to place a Bible conveniently in the church, and the Book of Homilies in the porch, and to write certain portions of Scripture on the walls for the edification of the people; these orders I obeyed, as I was bound to do.'*

"The bishop would not dispute that, as he had in some measure

obeyed the laws of the church in Edward's time; he contented himself with demanding—

“ ‘Why, then, dost thou not obey the present laws, which come with greater authority than any other?’ ”

“ ‘My lord, I see it is very common for men to change the object of obedience according as monarchs and fortunes change, and ambition directeth them; but I have no ambition but to do my duty in a little poor village like this. I will not say what I might do if I had belonged to the priesthood in Henry's days; but I was ordained under Edward, and expressly taught the things which your lordship forbids; and the oaths I then took I cannot be loosened from. My connexion with the English church knoweth nothing of the rood and the altar; and, my lord, they cannot, I think, be imposed on me; for if they can, the laws of man be stronger than the laws of God.’ ”

“ ‘No, man; but thou art bound to obey the just laws, and observe the true religion, even though thou hast sworn to the false.’ ”

“ ‘I know not, my lord: every man thinketh he hath truth, and there is no sure judge but conscience. But having been sworn to observe the faith which was lawful in Edward's days, and which I believe is according to the express Word of God, I am bound to pursue it. The Word of God can never be like the passions of men which change with every circumstance. The command even of a king cannot absolve me from the oaths taken to God, for if they can, the faith of men must follow the successes of battles, or treason, or murder; the man that hath rule maketh the faith, and I must be bound to obey the commands of Mahmoud, if the Grand Turk conquer this country.’ ”

“ ‘There was something in this speech that grated on the ears of Dr. Bonner, although it was uttered in an humble manner; and almost before Barker had finished his sentence, his lordship rushed towards him, crying—

“ ‘Turks! thou—thou ribald knave!’ and raising his hand, struck at him. Sir Thomas Granville, probably fearing the bishop might commit himself, stepped forward to beg for peace, when his lordship's holy and heavy fist came full on his ear, and sent him spinning against the benches two or three yards off.

“ ‘What meanest thou by that, priest?’ cried Sir Thomas Granville, highly indignant at this blow; but the bishop made no reply, being struggling with his chaplain to get at Master Barker.

“ ‘I ask thee, Dr. Bonner, what thou meanest by striking me?’ he cried again. ‘Let me tell thee that no man, whether priest or soldier, shall strike me with impunity.’ ”

“ ‘And what meanest thou by thou-ing me, thy Bishop? I tell you, Sir Thomas Granville, that I grievously suspect you; and as soon as my suspicions are verified, neither thy knighthood nor thy soldiership shall save thee. Nobler names than thine have been dealt with for heresy, and shall again.’ ”

“ ‘False priest, I defy thee!’ cried the Knight. ‘None of my family have ever been tainted with heresy, and none have borne the chastisement of a priest. I have fought the battles of three monarchs, and my forefathers have been foremost wherever England required brave men, whilst thy ancestors have borne trenchers and scoured pewter in kitchens! and thou, to strike and revile me! I will appeal to her majesty against thee, and if I do not tie thy hands and thy tongue, never trust me!’ ”

“ ‘I spit upon thee, thou heretic!’ cried the Bishop, out of his senses with passion.

“ ‘Englishmen!’ cried the Knight to the parishioners, who had flocked in considerable numbers to the church. ‘Englishmen! you hear how this shaven priest revileth brave men. Take away Master Barker with

you, and keep him out of the man's hands. I give you notice I will put up a rood at my own charges, and I will at once appeal to her majesty, who will stop this wild beast."

"Master Barker would have stayed and besought a further hearing, but the Knight was now as imperious as the Bishop, and the people obedient to him, and anxious for the fate of their minister, forced him away."

"Now, Dr. Bonner, you may tarry here as long as it pleaseth you," said the Knight; "but I warn you that I am sworn to keep the peace of her majesty's subjects, and shall send down a body of my servants to watch over this village if you do not depart; and as I promise to set up a rood in this church, any violence put on the people will be at your peril. And you know you dare not do more than cite suspected persons to appear before you in a lawful court."

"Having said this, the Knight strode out of the church, mounted his horse, and rode away with his servant."

Joseph Jenkins; or, Leaves from the Life of a Literary Man. By the Author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," &c. &c.

The author of these volumes tells us in his brief preface that he appears on this occasion in a new walk of literature: we can scarcely agree with him, for we rather find a continued series of those pictures of life, chiefly portraiture of the leading features in our great metropolis, than an imaginative history of some adventurous hero. We see in our daily experience that men take up some peculiar line of observation, for which either acquired bent or native talent best fits them, and entering ardently upon it, concentrate together all its points of interest, ransack its dependencies, trace out its contingences, track its source in the past, speculate upon its probabilities in the future, and, in short, devote their faculties to its prosecution. It is thus that we are furnished with far more perfect views of existing things than if we were dependent upon a changeable class of observers. The world profits largely from this devotion of men to peculiar subjects, and thus it is that we are indebted to Mr. Grant for the fullest and fairest picture of the town in all its aspects than could be gathered by even a collection from other sources. No man has seen more of the behind scenes of busy life, and no man has better preserved his impartiality in the contemplation. He "nothing extenuates nor sets down aught in malice." In his various works he has given us most faithful pictures of the different grades of condition. It may well be said that he has Daguerrotyped society. He has shown us the strings that move the puppets: the secret motive which influences the public action; and, as we said at the commencement of these observations, Joseph Jenkins ought rather to be considered as a continuation of those clear-sighted expositions than as a work of imagination. Mr. Grant is not cursory, does not strike off the more effective features in his scenes of life, and leave the rest in obscurity, which sometimes it must be owned, enhances the interest, but he sifts matters through and through, and shows us the whole and not a part. In short, in reading Joseph Jenkins we have renewed our opinion that we rise from the perusal of

his writings with a feeling of *experience*. We feel a little of its bitterness arising from the very reality of the flavour which confirms us in the belief that it most resembles that valuable article.

In adventuring on a work of fiction, Mr. Grant has changed the medium in which he has produced his views of society rather than entered on a new field. In the person of Joseph Jenkins he shows us a continued series of his books of life. Born in the north of Scotland, our hero is left, by his mother's death, his income dying with her, with an empty purse but a fruitful brain. He comes to London, and is at once thrown into literary life. No man was better able than our author to portray what that life is, and we doubt not but he has drawn upon his own experience. There is a stamp of reality upon his descriptions, a sort of impress of truth upon the coinage, which altogether removes it from the suspicion of its being but a forgery of the imagination. In this light it is more valuable, though it may be less racy. Plunging at once into the dangers of publishing and typography Joseph Jenkins shares in the early fate of Milton—neglect—hoping also to share his after fate of celebrity. This, his initiation into the mysteries of literature, conducts us through a series of scenes and secrets which will doubtless prove amusing to the public, though we must needs say that our hero seems to have been used quite as well as he deserved, and was doubtless more prosperous than many a more discreet man—and here we are assuming the truth and forgetting the fiction, which Mr. Grant's preface authorises us to do. Joseph Jenkins' entrance on a literary career immediately gives occasion for that succession of scenes which we have said may be looked upon as a sort of continuation of those well-executed views of society, in which lies our author's peculiar merit. Thus the perils of authorship, the state of literary criticism, the *mode of managing* London literary critics, are fully expatiated upon. Another aspect displays the practical mirth of the two societies called the "Cogers," and the "Eccentrics," in which there is a good deal of amusing matter and all true history: then we have Metropolitan Demagogues and a Socialist Meeting, and from thence we follow the falling fortunes of our hero from step to step, first of amusing difficulties and then of abject poverty. We are now made merry with the view of Joseph Jenkins being taken up on a charge of murder for merely muttering horrible things that he would do with a heroine of his own in a work he was concocting; and as his fortunes more and more declined, we find him advertising for a wife and jilted with billet-doux; we then shudder to see the educated man in a state of starvation, almost in the last stage of destitution, exposed to the pelting of the pitiless wind and rain on a garret floor. Such is life, however, and Mr. Grant has faithfully painted it; but happily, like life too, the scene brightens, and reformation of doings brings reformation of condition. On the whole, as a work of imagination, we might have laid objection to the account of Joseph Jenkins; as a picture of society, it is, however, far more valuable, and its moral purpose is unimpeachable. In these two last points of view, the book deserves to take its place with the other works of its author, rather than to have the mere ephemeral existence of novelty which usually attends the modern novel.

"It is a rule of 'The Eccentrics,' that no person shall be admitted into their room, who is not a member. The only deviation from this rule, with which I am acquainted, was made about a quarter of a century ago. The circumstances connected with it were very amusing. Those who know anything of metropolitan matters at that period, will remember the interest which the 'eccentricity' of Mr. Coates—commonly called Romeo Coates—then occasioned in the public mind. Among other extraordinary whims which this singular individual—who, it ought to be mentioned, was a gentleman of fortune—was seized, was that of distinguishing himself as an actor. He accordingly appeared on the boards of Covent Garden, to the infinite amusement of the town, in several of the leading characters of our most popular dramatists. Romeo, in Shakspeare's tragedy of 'Romeo and Juliet,' was his favourite character; and hence it was that he was nicknamed 'Romeo' Coates, the name by which he is still known in Boulogne, where he has resided for many years, and where, it will be remembered, he contrived to obtain an interview with, and to elicit compliments from, Louis Philippe, when that monarch, a few years ago, visited that part of his dominions. The exhibitions of 'Romeo' were so ludicrous, so outrageously absurd, so unlike anything that could ever have entered into the minds of the dramatists themselves, or into the conception of anybody but 'Romeo' himself—that persons flocked to Covent Garden every night of his performance for the purpose of laughing at him. In one of his favourite parts, where the piece wound up with his murder, the audience, always in sheer ridicule—which, however, he mistook for the warmest admiration—*encored* the murder scene three or four times, so that poor Romeo had to endure the terrors and suffer the pains of three or four murders, without the interval of a few minutes between them to give him time to breathe. On one occasion, when personating the character of the 'gay Lothario,' in the 'Fair Penitent,' he made a false step, and fell most awkwardly on his back, his heels mounting high in the air. The audience were convulsed with laughter, and some wicked wags *encored* that scene also. Then, again, whenever he had occasion to throw himself at the feet of the histrionic mistresses whom he adored, he deliberately laid a snow-white cambric handkerchief, which he always had in readiness for the purpose previous to kneeling,—on the stage.

"The newspapers, one and all, feeling the legitimate drama to be brought into disrepute by the acting, if acting it might be called, of this modern Romeo, assailed and ridiculed him day after day. Still he persevered until he had gone the round of his favourite characters. Just as he had completed these, the idea occurred to some of the 'Eccentrics,' and was at once adopted by all, of voting an address of congratulation to him on the manner in which, as an actor, he had acquitted himself; and requesting him to visit their place of meeting on a given evening, for the purpose of receiving it. This he agreed to do. The master of 'Eccentrics,' as might be expected, was unusually great on the occasion. Romeo was punctual to the time appointed. The chairman, as a matter of course, undertook to present the address; and his speech was redolent of the badinage with which the address abounded. The latter hailed the advent to the boards of our national theatres of the greatest histrionic genius that had appeared since the days of Garrick. In Mr. Coates, the 'Eccentrics' saw the man that was destined to restore the legitimate drama to its wonted glory. Already all the other tragic actors were trembling, as well they might, for their popularity. The daily and weekly press was bribed by them to ridicule and assail their (the Eccentrics') illustrious visitor on that occasion. It was even confidently asserted, that John Kemble, conscious he could not stand a moment's comparison with Mr. Coates, actually contemplated an immediate retirement from the stage;

and, as Mr. Kemble had not appeared on the boards of Covent Garden for some time, it was actually believed by many that he had already, mortified at the unparalleled success of his rival, abjured the histrionic profession. Mr. Coates had the merit of furnishing the metropolitan public, by his original mode of acting, with a variety of new and felicitous readings of Shakspeare. He had discovered meanings in sundry passages of that great dramatist's works which none had ever seen in them before. Mr. Coates could boast of histrionic triumphs never achieved by any other tragedian, however distinguished. There was not another instance on record in which the party murdered played the murder scene with such signal success, as to draw down universal and deafening *encores* from all parts of the house. The 'Eccentrics' therefore felt, in common with all lovers and appreciators of the legitimate drama, the deepest obligations to Mr. Coates; and they could not, either in justice to him or to their own feelings, forbear taking that opportunity of expressing their sentiments in their collective capacity as 'Eccentrics.'

"The speech of the chairman, and the address of the 'Eccentrics,' were loudly cheered throughout.—Mr. Romeo Coates standing beside the chairman, and drinking in every sentence with ineffable delight, because he deemed the whole to be perfectly sincere.

"Mr. Romeo Coates rose to return thanks. 'Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,' he proceeded to say, 'never, I assure you, in the whole course of my—'

"'Mr. Chairman,' cried a voice from the farther end of the room, 'Mr. Chairman, I am sure I only express the feelings of every 'Eccentric' present, when I say that it would be the greatest intellectual loss we ever sustained should we miss a single observation of our illustrious visitor, in the speech he is about to make. (Loud cries of 'Hear, hear!' in the midst of which Mr. Romeo Coates gracefully pressed his hand to his heart.) It would therefore be a particular favour if our distinguished friend would raise his voice as much as he can, as some of us are here eighty feet distant from the spot whence he is about to address the meeting.'

"Mr. Romeo Coates made a low bow, and proceeded, in ludicrously loud tones, to say—'This, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, is, I solemnly assure you, the happiest—'

"'I am exceedingly sorry,' interposed an 'Eccentric' in a corner of the room, 'again to interrupt the honourable gentleman; but, for my own part, I am not only unwilling to lose a syllable of his eloquence, but it would be to me an infinite pleasure to *see* Mr. Coates whilst delivering his speech. And, gentlemen, (here the speaker cast his eyes significantly round the room,) do not your bosoms heartily respond to the sentiment? Do not you share in the feeling?'

"Deafening cries of 'Yes, yes!' burst from all parts of the room.

"'May I therefore,' resumed the 'Eccentric' in the corner, 'take the liberty of expressing what I know is the universal feeling, that Mr. Coates would get upon the table, so that we may all have the pleasure of *seeing* as well as hearing him?'

"Romeo Coates mounted the table and made a low bow, amidst tremendous plaudits, his cambric handkerchief floating from his hand."

And on the table we must leave Romeo Coates, referring our readers to Joseph Jenkins for his speech.

Life and Times of Louis Philippe King of the French. By the Rev. G. N. WRIGHT, M.A. author of "Life and Reign of William the Fourth," "Life and Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington," etc. etc. etc.

It is not without justice that the King of the French is called the Ulysses of modern days. Educated in the school of adversity, the rough teaching inspired him with a prudence that it would have been vain to have looked for as the fruit of any other process. Doubtless the seed fell into good ground, since, instead of withering and dying, it has brought forth the hundred fold of produce—for, unless there is some suitableness between the soil and the sowing, we must look in vain for the harvest. No course of suffering will ever make a fool wise, though it may and does perfect prudence, and make an apt man pre-eminently wise. If we needed confirmation of this truth, we have but to look around us, for among the multitude who are daily reaping the bitter fruits of their folly, how few of them are the better for the discipline, thus amply refuting the old adage, that experience maketh even a fool wise, when we have it from a higher authority, that you may bray a fool in a mortar without effecting a cure.

That his life of trial should have had the result of perfecting the native faculties of Louis Philippe, sufficiently proves what those faculties originally were. All parties must look on him as a great man—great, not in the sense of lofty actions, for patience rather than daring has been his distinguishing characteristic—but great in the sense of that calm philosophy which can endure and wait, while lesser men would waste their energies in futile action. There are many situations in which doing relieves the mind, though it plunges the actor into deeper difficulties; but to be a bystander while our own interests are at stake requires far higher heroism. The instances may be few in which it is wiser for a man to let others play the game on which hangs the hazard of his destiny, but they are real: and eminently so in the case of Louis Philippe. Had he once unsheathed his sword in the many openings in which his impulses or his opportunities courted him to do so, he would, in all human probability, never have worn a crown; but he forbore, and the result is, that the wandering and homeless youth, often on the brink of beggary, is now the wealthiest monarch in Christendom.

The result of early education was never more strongly marked than in the case of Louis Philippe. The character of Madame Genlis has always been a riddle to us. We cannot bring ourselves to doubt that, to the best of her great ability, she educated the children of the Duke of Orleans virtuously, honestly, and intellectually. We believe it to be possible that the mind may indulge in one great wrong, and endeavour to compensate by a life of industrious right. The pride of educating princes, a task heretofore solely committed to men, might have its share; but though with great and sentimental pretension, Madame Genlis certainly arrived at excellence. She had the rare art of attaching her pupils enthusiastically to herself, even while she rebuked and coerced them. By exciting a sort of enthusiastic

admiration of self-denial and personal endurance, the minds of the children committed to her care found actual pleasure in deprivations. We remember an instance in which it was discovered that one of the daughters of the duke had deprived herself of firing during a part of the severest winter for the purpose of relieving the distress of an old woman; and we find Louis Phillippe appropriating his entire pocket money for like purposes. The princes were assuredly brought up to be familiar with self-denial—happily so, since it made privation of body no new thing to them. They were accustomed to hardy exertion, slept on the hardest pallet, were braced with gymnastic exercises, taught to swim, to dig, to labour like mechanics, and thus were unconsciously being fitted the better to endure that life of hardship which was subsequently to become their lot.

But in the midst of this doubtless most wise training, altogether so new to princes, Madame Genlis was at the same time instilling that devotion to the so called cause of liberty, that was then spreading like poison through the veins and arteries of the nation. Clothed in the fascinating language of his preceptress, bedecked and garlanded as the loftiest heroism, all its vile features veiled, all its aspects deified; made to assume the semblance of the purest and tenderest humanity, the most generous recognition of the equal rights of man, the most disinterested surrender of the honours of lineage, no wonder that a boy of warm and ardent temperament should see regeneration of all good and holy things in the oncoming of that revolution which was to be the equalization of the human race—more especially when its chief leader was in the person of his own father. Bitter experience had not then proved the impious and the bloody mockery, and the young Duke of Chartres drank in democracy with his vital aliment. Still, it must be remembered that he was a sufferer of the penalties, not a sharer in the spoils, of this infamous crew. The sin of his birth could never be forgiven him by men who knew that its rights might one day be reclaimed, and that the more of the blood of his lineage was shed the nearer it brought his pretensions to the throne. Therefore it was that honest integrity in a mistaken cause availed him nothing, and after fighting the battles of the democrats he was doomed to proscription and malignant persecution. It would be difficult, even in the copious history of the world, to find a life of more eventful changes than that of Louis Philippe. While yet young in years, driven forth a homeless wanderer, with the memory of a murdered father, separated from a doting mother, divided from a persecuted kindred, and often all but a beggar, we follow the fortunes of the boy, the man, the citizen, the king, with an interest which is the result of reality. Through all temperate, uncomplaining, self-denying,—through all loving his country too well ever to draw his sword against it,—through all waiting, prudent, and forbearing,—circumstances have been working for him rather than he working for himself; for while his early implanted principles remained to leaven his mind, and the nearer scions of the house of Bourbon retained all their devotion to the old *régime*, neither following the tide nor bending with the storm, obstinately refusing to humour a spoiled people or to meet them on any middle ground of association, no result could have been looked for

but that the eyes of France should turn to the man whose early education had given them a common bond of union, and whose birth made him eligible to the election—for election placed Louis Philippe on the throne in defiance of the rights of primogeniture. In truth, the king of the French is eminently a revolutionary monarch.

We know of no biography that could have proved more deeply interesting from its eventful nature, and from the public position of its subject, than that of the one before us. Mr. Wright has treated it ably. He, perhaps, has the pardonable fault of leaning with too strong a partiality to the subject of his memoir, but we know that this species of favouritism grows upon an author as he proceeds in his work, and is difficult to be evaded. We allow that the merits and the trials of the prince excuses, if it does not warrant, such a leaning; but from first to last, Mr. Wright discovers neither speck nor shadow in the brightness of his character. We have said that no memoir could have been selected more deeply interesting than that of Louis Philippe, and we say also that few biographers could have been found who would have accomplished the task more satisfactorily.

Among those extraordinary vicissitudes of life for which the subject of this memoir has been so remarkable, is a passage of travel in America, in which the descendant of kings is divested of all but his manhood, and without any external resources. He had been joined by his two younger brothers, and in the enjoyment of their newly-recovered liberty they were wandering among the provinces, the wildernesses, and the newly sprung up towns of that vast continent.

Life and Poetical Remains of Margaret M. Davidson. By WASHINGTON IRVING.

The celebrated name attached to this little work is eminently calculated to attract public attention to its contents. The elder sister of the subject of this biography has already been signalized for precocious talent and poetical power, and her early death invoked a species of sad and softened sympathy which became associated with her memory, to embalm and preserve it. Talents are occasionally found as a sort of lineal heritage, a species of family possession in which every member has a share, and thus it seems to have been with the Davidsons. The mother and her daughters appear to have been alike gifted; and it is impossible to contemplate the deep but uncomplaining anguish of the maternal heart, while drooping at the untimely gathering into the grave of two such daughters, without feeling that the more exquisite may be the affection, the more intense must be the sorrow. The notice which had been brought upon the posthumous works of Lucretia Davidson, joined to some knowledge of her relatives, had occasioned the author of the "Sketch Book" to feel an interest in the family, and when, on his return from Europe to the United States, the mother of the youthful poetess requested an interview, for the sake of consulting him on certain arrangements respecting a new edition of her daughter's works, he was struck with the grace of form and feature, and the mingled intelligence and sensibility of the child who, while hovering round the sick chair of her mother, was herself gaining

an interest in his eyes, and unknowingly propitiating the feelings of her future biographer.

The very dawning of intellect in Margaret Davidson was indubitably a sure prestige of early dissolution. There is something touchingly beautiful in the early piety of the child who, while yet at an age to enjoy the trivialities of toys, could sit at her mother's side and listen to her devotional instructions with the gladness of pleasure. Another striking feature in her character, while yet the merest child, was her love of the beauties of nature, and those outbursts of lisped numbers in which she would poetically apostrophize, it might be, some beam of sunshine, some ray of light, some aspect of the varied magnificence of nature. Her elevation of tone on these occasions bore far more relation to the dignity of her subject than to the character of so juvenile a being: the tear of rapture was ever ready to start into her admiring eyes, and the stream of poetry to flow from her lips. To love and to be beloved was a necessity of her nature, while her devotion to her sister's memory, and admiration of her talents, were feelings ever present and powerful in stimulating her own faculties. Sincerity, ardour, and simplicity, seem to have been the rare endowments of her character. Gentle, teachable, and loving, a more beautiful picture can scarcely be imagined than that of Margaret Davidson, sitting at her mother's side, and imbibing those sentiments of piety which, while they ennoble the mind of the receiver, assuredly elevate the bestower in the transmission.

While thus employed, the child would frequently break out in poetical impromptu on some sudden aspect of the beauty of nature—it might be a gleam of sunshine in the sky, the waving of some verdant foliage, or some view of the sterner majesty of storm and tempest; and in these her mother encouraged her, while yet unconscious of the name of poetry, though under the influence of its spirit, to commit to paper;—and so commenced the poetess, at the early age of six; and though dying before she had attained her sixteenth year, she has left behind her no inconsiderable proof of poetic inspiration and industry.

The tenderness of nature which spoke so powerfully to the universal heart in Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" is conspicuous both in the management and in the selection of his subject. The indulgence of a pure feeling has led this well-known author into a new line of literature, in which he cannot but have the sympathy of every feeling heart.

The Anatomy of Sleep; or, The Art of Procuring Sound and Refreshing Slumber at Will. By EDWARD BINNS, M.D., Fellow of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, &c. &c.

Little as it may be generally thought of, sleep is that blessing without which no other could by any possibility be enjoyed; not only is it invaluable in health, but also in disease. Dr. Binns observes, "In all cases of disease, and in every condition of the body, whether normal or abnormal, if sleep be once induced favourable results supervene. Hence all nations have attached importance to 'sound sleep,'

and so impressed was the great Lord Bacon with this fact, that he hesitated not to extol narcotics as 'the true balm of life.' And we may add, that the secret of longevity would seem in a great measure to consist in a careful regulation of the activity of the cerebral organs with a view to procure sleep." "We also think," continues the Doctor, "we can prove that sleep, is an active and positive faculty, and not a negative and passive result of fatigue or weariness,—that this faculty resides in the ganglionic system,—that it is the antagonism of the intellectual powers,—that it is the active principle of nutrition, or assimilation, or reparation of waste of the body,—and, finally, that it is the true *vis medicatrix naturæ*, to whose vigilance we are indebted for that condition of mind and body which is called 'health.'" To establish these principles, Dr. Binns takes an elaborate view of the different states to which animal life is subject, and having descanted on the lower grades he ascends to man. He investigates the various affections to which man is liable, and shows the comparative value, or rather deleterious influence, of the different methods commonly resorted to in order to procure sleep. Hence he diverges into inquiries respecting a variety of kindred states, as Trance, Somnambulism, Mesmerism, Dreams, &c., the whole of which he ably illustrates by a number of highly curious and interesting facts from history; and lastly, introduces the method he proposes for inducing sleep, the power of which he states has been tested in a very great number of instances. Had we space, we should have been glad to have given some extracts from the work, but as our limits forbid, we can only recommend it to the attention of our readers. There is an additional interest attaching to the volume from its having been printed from the new composing-machine, and from the new processes employed in the plates.

Forget Me Not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present, for MDCCCXLIII. Edited by FREDERIC SHOBERL.

The care and taste of the editor of this little volume are amply proved by its elegance and interest. Artistical skill and literary talent unite in rendering it worthy of being made a memento and pledge of affection. The "Forget Me Not" is perhaps the happiest of the produce of a happy fashion. As it was certainly the first in priority in our own country, so it certainly continues the first in merit, and the present volume amply sustains the character of its predecessors. The eleven illustrations are so many gems, out of which "Florence Howard," painted and engraved by Hollis, is a sweet specimen of touching girlish beauty; "Jane Vavasor's Visit," painted by Franklin and engraved by J. Carter, is rich and tasteful; "Life's Dream," by H. Corbould and C. Heath, a scene of romantic interest, in which a couple of dreamers, very sweetly drawn, are portrayed in an arena of mouldering column and fallen arch, and overspreading verdure, all in harmonious keeping with their felicitous occupation. "The Wife's First Grief," from a painting by R. Farrier, and engraved by W. H. Motte, possesses quite an opposite interest, but it is one of wider participation: the sweetly comely but anxious young wife watching with the faithful

hound of her husband at the cottage gate, open for his entrance, is full of domestic feeling, and is understood at a glance, while the lines which relate the pictorial tale are simply truthful. Mrs. Abdy and Major Calder Campbell are both among the poets, and our old and well esteemed favourite, James Montgomery, has evinced all his wonted power in the poem entitled "The Press," a subject full of scope and comprehension. The prose articles have been selected with especial care, from able pens, and form a whole of great and rich variety, the styles being all as opposite as the subjects. All tones of mind; every contrast of event; the exercise of contrary passions; hopes, and fears; loves and hates; the dwellers in different countries as well as in different ages and different classes of society; are all assembled to furnish a volume of refined but most lively interest. Beginning at the end, we find "The Cousins," a tale of true feeling, with a true moral. "May Meeke, or the Heroine in spite of Herself," is really an original idea, very amusingly carried out. "The Birthright" is a narrative of deep, and almost of stern feeling, in which the master spirits work out their parts to the very end. "Gertrude of Lanherne" is a narrative of domestic interest, in which the affections are made to surmount and overcome the passions of the heart. "The Trial of Prosperity" is a womanly tale of womanly constancy and womanly tenderness, very prettily meeting their own reward. "Ellen Malden" is meant to show that the silver lining of every dark cloud will be discoverable at last, and that the saddest beginnings often lead to the happiest endings—a doctrine which we hope, in the end, all will subscribe to. And this brings us to "An Old Love or a New," by Eden Lowther, who, sooth to say, does not seem in the least cured of that dash of extravagance which we will not suffer ourselves to be smiled into commending. However, as cheerfulness is certainly at a premium in this world of dulness, we must needs express our sense of obligation when we come under the influence of the cheerful spirits of this author, whose animation of mind has so often sparkled in the pages of our own magazine. "An Old Love and a New" is full of witty originality, being a very odd story very whimsically told. Sentiment is the under current, whilst satire sparkles on the surface. The plot and the actors are as new as they are strange, both of them possessing striking originality. In short, the tale is the happiest article in this really beautiful and elegantly adorned little volume, and we are tempted to give an extract.

"Happiness! we wonder where it is to be found! Certainly not under a regal canopy—crowns only give the headache. Certainly not to the victor in a battle field—pah! the reeking blood, the mangled limbs, the ghastly gashes—the man must be a fiend who could find happiness there, however great his glory. Well, then, the chemist, who watches his crucible, and develops the secret processes by which a world was made, doth he find happiness?—nay, for he gets no sleep a-nights, and very dirty hands by day. The poet? his happiness is to be miserable. The man of knowledge, then?—nay, all that he acquires makes him but the more dissatisfied with himself, and sure we are that self-dissatisfaction is the farthest off from happiness of any thing in this world.

"Well, after all, if happiness is any where among us on earth, it is not

among self-attained things, but must be looked for among the gifts of the Deity, like the colour of the rose, and the perfume of the violet; it must be sought where youth brightens the eye, and paints the cheek, and dews the lip, and buoys up the heart; where the body and the mind are both lithe and elastic, and where the spirit is old enough to hope, and not old enough to fear.

"And just thus, in the dawn of life's sunshine, rich in unmeasured happiness, were our hero and heroine at the commencement of our tale.

"And yet who would have thought that a hoidenish boy and a sunburnt girl knew more of happiness than philosophers and doctors of law! and who would have thought that a hoidenish girl and a sunburnt boy would prove all proper materials for a hero and heroine!

"And yet how happy they were, our wild Virginia and her playmate Ray, as they wandered among the dear, delicious wilderness of sweets that begirt their country home, revelling in the luxury of a myriad of flowers, not planted churlishly and formally by the hand of man, but blossoms a thousand-fold dearer, sown by the wind, and nurtured by the sun, Nature's own children. Happy were they as they rambled among the rich luxuriance of buds and bloom, wreathing wild flowers in the meadows, or watching the waters of the river leap and glide along, and sparkle like their life; or, when the rays of the sun burnt hottest, hiding themselves from them in the dells of the forest, listening to the birds, and mocking their melody.

"And so Ray and Virginia were very happy, though they knew nothing at all about it. But who were this idle couple, who dared to be happy in spite of reason and philosophy, which would soon have taught them better? Indeed they were very nobodies. Virginia was the spoiled nursling of a cottager's wife, and Ray was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Both the nurse and the widow had striven as hard as possible to spoil their respective charges, and the older they grew the more perfect the process became: the nurse always thought whatever her Virginia did the best thing that could possibly be done, and the widow, however she might try, never could scold the image of her lost husband. Then, again, they had another advantage, which the world may think rather a doubtful one—they had no riches to quarrel about, but were as poor as poets—in fact, so poor that they were fed something after the fashion of the birds, and clothed something after the style of the flowers, that is to say, immediately from heaven, without troubling any intermediate hand; and oh! who would wish for any intermediate hand between themselves and Heaven!

"So the sun when he rose found our hero and heroine happy, and when he set he left them the same. They never had the trouble of learning any thing, because education had not yet brought the rod and the headache into that lonely spot, and, instead of listening to a pedagogue who might have taught them according to the most approved rules that they were miserable creatures, they spent the days altogether ignorant of the fact, recklessly and heedlessly, among the sunshine and the flowers. One *locale*, however, they loved beyond all the other green spots of their affections—it was the site of the ruins of an old abbey, just that where our readers may find a courtly couple indulging in a dream of life, which, however, is nothing new, in the very spot where Ray and his Virginia used to rest themselves after their wanderings and frolickings. To them the old abbey ruins were the grandest and most wonderful work in the creation; every nook had they ransacked, every fragment had they climbed, every sculpture had they traced, and never once had they deviated from the opinion that, of all the wonders of the world, this was the greatest.

"And thus old Time jogged on at an easy amble, until Virginia had

gained the wonderful wisdom of full fourteen years, and Ray became a sage of seventeen, and then the old gentleman gave the kaleidoscope of life a shake, and in a moment all the pretty sparkling fragments were hurried and flurried hither and thither, and Ray and his Virginia were shaken—they could not tell where."

Memoir of the late Dr. Hope, Physician to St. George's Hospital, &c. &c. By MRS. HOPE.

The subject of this Memoir, who was not only well known and esteemed in the profession, which for so short yet brilliant a period he lived to adorn, but also to a large portion of the public, belonged eminently to that class whom we delight to call the great and good. To strong natural abilities, uncommon perseverance, and unswerving principle, he united a deep and genuine, though unostentatious religion, with a christian and truly enlightened philanthropy. His ardent and unremitting pursuit of science was dictated, not by an abstract love of his profession, to which, indeed, for some time he felt a repugnance, much less by a sordid craving after its honours or emoluments, but by a deep and ever present feeling of the responsibility he had undertaken, and of the duties, by the diligent discharge of which, that responsibility could alone be sustained. Actuated by these feelings, and resolved not only to render himself fully competent to the *practice* of his profession, but to maintain, if not to elevate, its high scientific character, it is not surprising that Dr. Hope lived to find himself esteemed and appreciated by all the enlightened and liberal minded members of his profession, and to reap the rewards to which he was so justly entitled. After a thoroughly sound educational basis acquired in the Edinburgh, London, and continental schools, during which he laid the foundation and collected the materials for those works on which his reputation was to a great extent established, Dr. Hope commenced practice at the close of the year 1828, in Lower Seymour Street, where he continued to reside till his death, which occurred May, 1841. The life of such a man, exhibiting as it does the attainment of a position and standing, rare at least at so early a period, and without any adventitious advantages, cannot but be both interesting and instructive to the young physician, while to the public it affords another practical refutation to the too prevalent notion, that great parts and acquirements in physical science are associated with scepticism and infidelity. The Letters of Dr. Burder to a Young Physician form a fitting and valuable pendant to the volume.

Medical Reflections on the Water Cure. By JAMES FREEMAN, M.D., Physician to the Cheltenham Hydropathic Institution.

In this pamphlet, Dr. Freeman has given a lucid account of the process employed in what is called the Water Cure. Having visited the Hydropathic Establishments of Germany with a patient for whose case the Water Cure was recommended by the concurrent advice of two of the most illustrious physicians in London, he was so struck with the proofs he witnessed of its efficacy, that, in spite of the preju-

dices of his medical education and experience, he became convinced that the hydropathic mode of treatment possessed a power which, if skilfully applied, was competent to the removal of many diseases which have resisted all the efforts of the established system. We have then an explanation of the mode in which the treatment is applied, and which is, we presume, now practised at the Cheltenham Hydropathic Establishment, of which Dr. Freeman is the physician. It will not be expected from us to pronounce on a subject so comparatively new to the world, but we cannot do wrong in recommending the statements which Dr. Freeman here presents with the energy of conviction to the candid consideration of the public.

The Preservation of the Health of Body and Mind. By FORBES WINSLOW, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, Author of "The Anatomy of Suicide," &c.

The author of this work quotes the following passage from Sir James Clark, to whom his work is dedicated. That able physician, he observes, justly remarks that, "Were the public better informed respecting the causes and progress of diseases, they would know that one half of the diseases with which mankind are afflicted might be prevented by common prudence, and that when diseases make their attack, they might generally be deprived of half their violence by a knowledge of, and attention to, their premonitory signs and first symptoms. This is the only kind of medical knowledge useful to the public. Teach them how they may preserve their health, make them acquainted with the causes of diseases, and the best means of preventing them, and teach them to know the first symptoms of disease, in order that they may apply for medical advice when it is of most avail, and they will possess all the medical knowledge which they can make good use of." This appears to be the object of the work before us. Accustomed to the study of mental affections in particular, Mr. Winslow has here given a brief view of the mode by which the health both of body and mind are to be preserved. Our limits would not permit us to follow the various details which are here introduced, but so numerous are they and so interesting, that we cannot doubt the work will be considered a valuable contribution to medical science, and especially so by those who occupy the responsible stations of guardians to the mentally afflicted.

Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book. MDCCCXLIII. By the author of "The Women of England."

The costliness and taste of this volume must be admitted at a glance. Its richly gilt external garb is but the prelude to choicer embellishments within. The frontispiece, with its co-partner the title-page, present us with portraits of the ill-fated Duke of Orleans, and his still more ill-fated wife—the one taken from the summit of human prosperity in the meridian of affluence and happiness, and the other *left*—the exuberance of joy thus suddenly converted into the darkest and most overwhelming sorrow. The fine person of the

prince and the gentle grace of his ladye are sweetly realised in these two plates, which pleasingly usher in the after illustrations, among which so many beauties crowd upon us, that we can scarcely know which to distinguish with commendation: had few deserved the culling, it might have been easy, but meeting us at every page, the task is difficult; "Mistra," painted by Bartlett, and engraved by Sands, a city probably built from the ruins of Sparta, is an exquisite production of combined grandeur and repose, and in the accompanying verses Mrs. Ellis, in apostrophising "Time, the Avenger," has invoked a poetic thought from the ruins; A "Village in Roumelia near Adrianople," by Salmon and Bentley, is another romantic view of house-crowned hills; "The Palace of Saïd Pasha," by Allom and Lowry, overhanging the busy Bosphorus with its crowd of strugglers in the varied labours of life, is a scene which peculiarly stimulates the imagination, its latticed harems awakening ideas of the birds in their gilded cages imprisoned within; "The Bridal Morn," by Brown and Cook, gives us a couple of fine Greek faces from amidst a scene of luxury, "Sorrento, the Birth-place of Tasso," by Bartlett and Bentley, is an expressive view of a sea-girt and precipitous tower, with flowing water, and the luminous rays of the sun melting over it; "Falls near the Source of the Jumna," by Turner and Cousen, is marked with all its painter's splendid talent, worthily caught by the engraver; "The Mosque of Santa Sophia," by Allom and Le Keux, gives us a fine idea of the vastness and splendour of the far-famed fane; "The Greek Church of Baloukli, near Constantinople," by Allom and Turnbull, is exquisitely light and tasteful; "Crossing by a Sangha, near Jumnootree," by Allom and Bentley, is a piece of the rich magnificence of nature; "Constantinople," by Allom and Cousen, with its dark waters and its light minarets, is a sweet picture; "The Crusader's Castle in a Valley near Batroun, Syria," by Bartlett and Cook, is finely treated, and with a feeling strictly harmonious with its subject; "Castro Giovanni, the Ancient Enna," by Leitch and Starling, shows the masterly use of light and shade in giving breadth to a subject which else would have suffered from the breaking up of its surface; "Culzean Castle, Scotland," by Daniell and Cochrane, is finely effective; and "The Shepherd of Mount Lebanon," by Bartlett and Capone, an exquisite harmony of effect between the painter and engraver.

We have thus noted a few of those happy productions of the arts which enrich this volume, though others remain behind equally worthy of commendation, and only numerically inadmissible, all uniting in rendering the "Scrap Book" of the coming year a tasteful adornment to the drawing-room table. We have given the embellishments the priority in our observations, because it cannot be denied that they worthily take the lead, being the combined efforts of a talented many, whilst the accompanying lines are the contribution but of one, though that one be a lady. It is known, too, that the poetry must needs be written to the picture, and not the picture painted to the poetry; and here the painter possesses an advantage over the poetess which can scarcely be estimated, inasmuch as he works from impulse, and she is compelled to follow through the air in the wake of his waving wing. We know the difficulty of the task, and instead of

wondering that poetry written on compulsion should ever fail, we only wonder that it ever should succeed. Poesy, like love, is not to be controlled. It is a wild and wandering spirit, hovering hither and thither, but still a free one. It may be well said of poesy what has been ill said of affection, that it

"Free as air, at sight of human ties
Waves its light wings and in a moment flies."

We have the highest respect for the talents and the character of Mrs. Ellis: her prose works are a credit to both, and have a sterling value which will not be ephemeral, but we think the very solidity of her judgment is adverse to poetic flights and fantasies. She possesses the gold of the deep recesses of the mine, and we think she must be content to leave the flowers which sport upon the surface to humbler appropriation.

The English Wife. A Manual of Home Duties. By the author of
"The English Maiden, her Moral and Domestic Duties."

"The English Maiden" we do not remember to have seen, but of the work before us we can speak most favourably. There is an air of right feeling pervading it throughout. The morality of the Bible the author states he has made his standard of excellence, and he trusts that every sentence will be found to breathe the genuine spirit of practical Christianity. This is an assurance which we think is fully borne out. The duties of the wife and mother are as ably described as affectionately enforced, and we know no work which we should more readily choose as the gift of a parent to his beloved daughter on her marriage than that which bears the title of "The English Wife."

The Chinese Exhibition.

We are glad to find the public attendance at this interesting exhibition is increasing. We know of no Foreign Collection which has ever been made, so complete in all its parts; and now that we have happily the prospect of peace with, and access to, this hitherto sealed and wonderful country, the objects here presented will possess a double interest. A few hours (for it should occupy three or four, and even a subsequent visit or two if practicable) devoted to an inspection of the vast variety of curious objects here assembled will convey a more practical idea of the habits and customs of perhaps the most singular people on earth, than the reading of the most lengthened descriptions; in fact, there is all the difference between the two that there is between *seeing* and *hearing*.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL ANNUALS.

We have now before us "The Shaksperian Annual," the subjects taken from the text of the immortal bard, the handling by those popular writers, Mrs. Crawford and Desmond Ryan; to say anything more would be hyperbole, their literary productions being already too well known to the classic world: therefore to particularise any one set of verses would appear invidious; suffice it there are none without merit, and in the generality of them much to admire; and as a classic work for the boudoir, the drawingroom, or the boarding-school miss, no book of late years has appeared to so fully answer these separate interests: its literary contents, as well as its musical contributions, are mostly without fault; and even the fastidious could not look over its talented pages without being charmed. Having said thus much, we will turn to our professional avocation, viz. reviewing the musicians' portion of the Annual. The contributors are Sir Henry Bishop, John Barnett, Loder, Crouch, and Knight, and an adaptation of one of "Schubert's Songs;" though a clever composition, we utterly deprecate these interpolations of foreign matter into an exclusively written English book; and whoever had the bad taste to insert this song, must have been as shortsighted as thoughtless. What affinity could a German writer have with Shakspeare, or the Court of good Queen Bess?—'tis preposterous. Add to this, the fact of the song in question having been written years back, and the composer long since dead, the absurdity of such introductions at once appears more flagrant. What sympathy or affinity have we to the great German bard Göethe? What should we say, were the Germans to take our national anthem, and arrange it as a ballad in a strictly classical German work? Writing words to a melody, can never possess the sentiment of a melody written to words; in the one it is mere bookmaking, in the other the musician embodies the scene and feeling conveyed in the poem; it therefore speaks for itself—a sad want of judgment in lugging it, *will ye or nill ye!* a piece as out of place as "Jim Crow," or the Old 104th Psalm. If modern English writers could not be found to complete the required number of pieces for the book, it would have shown a better knowledge of the subject, and have kept a legitimately English annual strictly to itself, by adapting some morrice dance, or other exclusively written English tune—of or about the Shaksperian era—rather than foist a spurious colouring to an already well conceived and ably treated work. We are an artist by nature, as well as by study, and shall ever condemn that practice, which is contrary to common sense, (charlatanism,)—why ruin a good design and a clever picture, merely for the sake of gratifying some single interest. It is like the now prevailing fashion of inundating the musical world with the compositions of Prince *This!* my Lord *That!* and my Lady *Tom Noddy!* and because they are the lucubrations of some titled personage, must necessarily be superexcellent. Pshaw! We say that man alone deserves the title of editor, who fearlessly asserts his own prerogative, and maintains the trust imposed upon him—that of bringing before the public a work complete in itself, where every-

thing shall be in keeping—a mirror of thought, sentiment, music, and illustration. We would instance, as a specimen of what we mean, the most finished drawing of the last year's exhibition, (published by the same proprietors, D'Almaine and Co.,) Crouch's beautiful collection of Irish melodies, "The Songs of Erin," as perfect a book as could be desired; replete with interest, sterling matter, and framed as became a man of sound taste and judgment. It is thus—we, who have a soul for correct design, would wish to see a brother handle his pencil, and not lose his outline, for the sake of a bit of gilt gingerbread. We are candid in our opinions, as we are generous to the meritorious and talented; and above the sordid wretch, who, for a few paltry guineas, may be shillings, would sell himself and a really clever man. No! we appreciate talent, be it in whom it may; and the first to extend a cheering and a welcome hand, for we know how difficult and beset with thorns is that man's path, where nature provides the colouring and talent directs the pencil—such a one is sure to be coughed at, and, if possible, trodden under foot, or left in obscurity. We commence with False Cressid.

"If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony!"

Troilus and Cressida, Act v. scene 2.

The words by Ryan, the music by Sir Henry Bishop; we would it were in our power to say more, but, like the butterfly at court, it is as vapid as the insect is transient, and as far beneath the transcendent abilities of this great musician as a rush-candle to the Bude light.

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

Twelfth Night.

"One that loved not wisely, but too well."

Othello.

These two are set by Barnett, and we decidedly give a preference to the last; it may be, that the never-to-be-forgotten canzonett of Haydn is still floating in our memory, and though well treated in the present instance, it is too trivial; not so the latter, there is the inventive genius of the author of the "Mountain Sylph," the classic mind of our first English composer. It is a gem of melody, and deserves a place in every musician's folio; its plaintive harmonies still dwell in our ear,—each time renewing the pleasure we felt in playing over its gifted pages.

"Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind."

Hamlet.

Another of the "Butterfly Tribe," by Knight; not so his second.

"My mother had a maid called Barbara."

Othello.

There is a germ of that originality which once characterized the writings of this talented author ere the sun set, and he cast his brilliant energies upon any passing shadow; when a composer, painter, author, or sculptor, ceases to respect himself, it is a farewell then to all—

"His occupation's gone."

We rejoice to find him in a work like the present, and the contribution is as good as it is effective.

"I know I love in vain."

All's Well that Ends Well.

By Loder; well put together, and will make a good teaching song; as also "Imogen," which is more to our taste. We should have liked it better, had he omitted to copy his song from the "Deer Stalkers," we mean in the concluding four bars.

"Died thy sister of her love?"

Twelfth Night.

A clever duet by Crouch, conceived in the true spirit of his master, (Barnett,) and reflects great credit on both. There is a refinement of sentiment pervading the whole composition, perfectly exhilarating. This duet must become a favourite in the teaching world; it is just that class of music so long wanted, and will be found a desideratum in the schools. The solos, in the middle of each verse, are truly vocal, and add much to the general effect. We also compliment the writer on his treatment of the words,

"Heart broken Ellen!"

and the concluding eight bars. To classic chamber singing we confidently recommend this duet. There is also another, by Loder,

"The course of true love."

Nothing out of the common run of every day writing; but the germ of the book, to our thinking, is,

"Strew the bed with bridal flowers."

Romeo and Juliet.

One of those wild, phrenzied imaginings so peculiar to the author of "Echoes of the Lakes." There is a restless anxiety, and a nervous despair pervading this air, truly characteristic; we can picture in our mind's eye, the agony of soul that a man must feel, when he loves most, of all God's creatures, lies prostrated, an attenuated waste. Such is the subject of the present illustration: Romeo returns and finds his youthful bride sleeping in the icy arms of death. Reckless of himself, he pours forth his sufferings and blighted prospects in one of the most charming airs in the volume. That an Incledon or a Braham could return to us and sing it! Vain desire! we shall ne'er look on their like again; though art may have improved the school of English singing, Nature has been more chary of her gifts: we have no such voices now; if we had, we can picture in our imagination the *furor* this song would create. For the illustrations of the book, they are as unique as they are classically beautiful. Brandard has been the draftsman, and those clever lithographers, the Howards, his printers; whenever and wherever these men work together, the effects produced are wonderful.

The Queen's Pianoforte Album. Contributors, Thalberg, Chaulieu, Holmes, Esain, Kontski, Kuhlau, Herz, Czerny, Hunten, Kalkbrenner, and Cronin.

These names alone sufficiently guarantee the sterling merit of the work; all that a pianiste could desire, or a musician look for, will be found in its contents. Our favourite Holmes has a clever souvenir from "Lucretia Borgia;" and young Cronin, the successful candidate for the King's Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, has a charming little piece, called "L'Echo du Lac," founded on Crouch's popular songs, Minora Ashtore and Katty O'Lynch. The manner in which this young artist has treated these subjects reflects the greatest credit on his good taste and correct feeling. No piece could be better adapted for school teachers, and we earnestly recommend it to their notice.

Flute and Pianoforte.

Arrangements also from "Echoes of the Lakes," and charmingly wrought they are. We know of no professor so able to write and arrange for these instruments as Mr. Clinton; who that has heard his talented adaptations of Reissegen's trios, Kuhlau's duets, and many other celebrated authors' works, could doubt his capability in handling those popular Irish songs—Kathleen Mavourneen, Dermot Astore, Nora Creina, The Pledge, Noxelle, Minora Astore, &c. &c.? Suffice, all that correct taste, musician-like judgment, and sound ability could convey, in the shape of fantasias, will be found in Clinton's arrangement of Crouch's Irish songs. No flutist should be without them; and to those who do not already possess them, we promise a bouquet, not met with every day.

Sir Henry Bishop's and Wilson's Edition of the Songs and Melodies of Scotland.

Two able men to undertake the task, the former for his ability as a musician, the latter for his historical research. We know not whether these professors are in opposition to each other; if such be the fact, both editions have much to recommend them—Sir Henry Bishop's, published by D'Almaine and Co., for the artistical manner in which the pianoforte accompaniments are treated, and Wilson's for the historical notices.

Numbers I. II. III. and IV. of Songs of a Rambler. A new work by the Author of "Songs of Erin," and "The Echoes of the Lakes."

To such as are acquainted with Crouch's Irish songs we conscientiously recommend the present commencement of the "Rambler,"

and sure are we, that an unexpected pleasure is in store for them. The title of the work argues well, and we know of no composer better calculated to do justice to its merits than the popular Irish writer; his fancy ever fertile, and his creations always good, we look forward to a bouquet resplendent in beauty, and scented with all the odours and peculiarities of the different countries; he is just the man to treat such a series of subjects. Like an artiste, every new sketch that emanates from his pen bears testimony of the untiring devotion to his art, and the faithful portraiture of the matter contained in each poem. His compositions are highly dramatic, and replete with nervous feeling and natural bursts of passionate sentiment. From the present specimens of the work, we anticipate, as it progresses, that it will be one in every way deserving public attention, and worthy the high reputation of its talented progenitor. May success attend its career. "Henriette" has appeared before us in another form. "Wake, Gentle Mary," a serenade cleverly put together, and perfect in its character, though somewhat lengthy; it carries the listener on imperceptibly, and each time of repetition you discover some new beauty—a sure test that the poem has been well studied. No. III. "The Cornish Mother's Lament." Something of the sacred school pervades this song, and though carefully treated, we fear it is not likely to become popular. The words are a little ambiguous—we candidly confess our inability to understand these last four lines of the first stanza.

"I know it should be a sorrow,
Your child to God to send,
But mine was a precious treasure
To me and to my poor* friend."

Conceiving this extraordinary sentence, some literary error of the compositor, we turned to our library shelves, and there found the Rev. Divine's volume of poems, entitled "Ecclesia," in the pages of which will be found the words under consideration, and though the meaning is therein explained as a provincial peculiarity belonging to the west country folk, we cannot admire the passage. "Rosalie." No. IV. of the same work—a song indicative of the olden time, when the mail-clad knight, and the war-plumed charger strode the halls of our forefathers, and their proud deeds in arms bespoke the spirit-stirring age when godlike bravery and English chivalry went hand in hand. Where is that noble daring now? where the knight of the dark ages, as they are now termed? Ay, of whiskers, scents, and cigars—

"What a falling off is here!"

This is truly a bold and effective song—the style is old English, and the martial character is well maintained throughout. We greatly admire the sudden change from F to A flat; it comes unprepared on the ear, the listener for the instant is taken by surprise; then the plaintiveness of the words, and melody arising out of this modulation, at once arrest the attention, and convince us of the study and

* Friend is the usual phrase for husband amongst the peasantry of the west.

deep thought bestowed upon the subject by the composer—it is the song of all others justly calculated to rouse the latent fires of a true-born Englishman. We shall look forward with considerable interest to the succeeding numbers of the “*Rambler*,” those already before us fully justifying our high opinion of this young composer’s musical abilities. Several of the titles of future songs appear annexed to those we have, and from which we glean much novelty and display of talent.

The First Two Parts of Dr. Arnold's Collection of Cathedral Music.

Edited by EDWARD F. RIMBULT, F.S.A. D’Almaine.

One of those splendid works, so peculiar to the house of D’Almaine and Co. We have had no work of such magnitude, and produced on such a scale of costly expense, since the celebrated edition of Handel’s Oratorios, by the doctor, and which he published by subscription. A collection of English cathedral music like the present has long been wanting, and proud are we to find so talented a gentleman as Mr. Rimbault engaged to edit its gifted pages. He is the one of all others fitted for the task; his experience in the styles and characters of the old masters is very considerable, and his research and chronological knowledge give him a precedence over all his brother professors. Under his able direction and careful revisal we predict this to be one of the most classic works our publishers have ever brought forward, and we hail the appearance of such a collection of English composers brought into one focus a national triumph. The continental publishers produce an author’s writings in one complete form, thereby giving the musical profession the opportunity of justly appreciating a composer’s merits; while in England, we publish a ballad, or some few pieces from an opera, while the really classic portion of the man’s genius are never permitted to appear under the plea, “It won’t sell;” consequently the productions of the English composer are sent forth in an incomplete form, and our continental brethren are led to believe that the British musician can write nothing beyond a ballad. Let him look over the present collection of our national church music, one of the finest schools of writing, and he will say “superb:” so say we. The native musician has never been nourished in this country as his merits deserved to be, consequently the English composer is unknown abroad. But while such publishers and such works appear as the one before us, we despair not of seeing ourselves upon equal terms with the foreigner. We know not in whom the production of such a national musical tribute emanated, but be it in the publisher or the editor, the British musician cannot be too grateful for the undertaking, and every son of harmony should welcome forth an offering to native talent like the present. We shall return to this in our next.

The Bridal of the Sisters. A Ballad. Balls and Son.

A well written little motive in common time, from the pen of Crouch; written with judgment, but nothing out of the usual run of every day teaching songs. The words are good, which may tend to make it saleable in our refined ladies' establishments.

The Scotch Quadrilles, and the real Scotch Quadrilles. The former by DAVISON, the latter by JULLIEN.

Why the one is more real than the other, we cannot divine; or why a Frenchman should pretend to understand the matter better than their border brethren (an Englishman) to us is equally unaccountable, but these little differences are best arranged with the parties concerned; our business is with the music of both parties, or rather the arrangement. Davison's are by far the easiest set, and well put together. Jullien's are much more lengthy, and the variations extremely good, and we doubt not the effects in the orchestra are very characteristic. Both sets contain considerable merit.

We have the new oratorio, "The Fall of Babylon," on our table, but want of space precludes the possibility of our noticing it this number, as also Sir H. Bishop's sixth volume of Handel.

For some time past we have experienced considerable pleasure in perusing the weekly contents of a modest, unassuming little pamphlet, entitled "The Musical and Dramatic Review." A more ably conducted, liberal, and unbiassed periodical, it has rarely been our satisfaction to notice; the articles are well written, and evidently emanate from a gentleman conversant with all musical matters. Their reviews are conscientiously given, and their biographical memoirs possess the advantages of truth. To the actor as well as the musician this Review must prove of very considerable importance—it has our warmest commendation, and best wishes for success.

MUSICAL WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Sir H. R. Bishop's Glees and Choruses in Single Parts.

Dr. Arnold's Third Part English Cathedral Music.

Clinton's Fantasias—Flute and Piano;—subjects from Rossini's opera, "William Tell."

Crouch's continuation of "The Echoes of the Lakes." The Scotch series.

Crouch's Primitive Airs, selected from the Melodies of the Bards of Ireland; arranged as duets for two voices.

Crouch's Select Airs from Sir Henry Bishop's Works; newly arranged, with appropriate words and accompaniments by himself.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Joseph Jenkins, or Leaves from the Life of a Literary Man, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Researches in Asia Minor, Pontus, and Armenia. By W. J. Hamilton, 2 vols. 8vo. 38s.
- Susan Hopley, or Adventures of a Maid Servant, 8vo. 3s.
- A Tour in the Isle of Wight. By Thomas Roscoe. With Forty-eight Engravings, 8vo. 12s.
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- A Domestic Residence in Switzerland. By Elizabeth Strutt. 2 vols. Post 2vo. 21s.
- Allee Neemro, the Buchtearee Adventurer. A Tale of Louristan. 3 vols post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
- Chronological Pictures of English History. Part III., folio. 7s. 6d.
- Whist, its History and Practice. By an Amateur. 18mo. 4s.
- Nimrod Abroad. By C. J. Apperley, Esq., Author of "The Chase," &c. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21s.
- The Gem of Loveliness, for 1843. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- A Love Gift for 1843. 32mo. 2s. 6d.
- Comic Almanac for 1843. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- The Gems of Stuart Newton. R.A., with Descriptive Notices. Folio. 1l. 11s. 6d.
- Madden's Memoirs of the Rev. P. Roe. 8vo. 14s.
- Godfrey Malvern, or the Life of an Author. By Thomas Miller. Vol. I., 8vo. 8s. 6d.
- Monkish Historians of Great Britain, Geoffrey of Monmouth. 8vo. 10s.
- The Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay, Vol. V., small 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- The English Wife. By the Author of "The English Maiden." Fcap. 4s. 6d.
- The Annual Register for 1841, 8vo. 16s.
- Addison's History and Antiquities of the Temple Church. Crown 8vo. 5s.
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- Midsummer's Eve. By the Author of "The Herberts." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
- Catlin's North American Indians, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 50s.
- Memoirs of the Queens of France. By Mrs. Forbes Bush, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
- The Naval Club, or Reminiscences of Service. By T. W. Barker, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
- Dionysius, the Areopagite, and other Poems. By Ann Hawkshaw. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- The Age of Great Cities. By R. Vaughan. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- The Golden Gift of British Gems for 1843. 32mo.
- The Book of British Ballads, with 226 Engravings on Wood. Edited by S. C. Hall. Imperial 8vo. 31s. 6d.
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- The Pope and the Actor. By Madame Wolfensberger, (late Miss Burdon,) 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Ladies' Hand-Book of Plain Needlework. By the Author of "Hand-Book of Fancy Needlework. Imperial 32mo. 1s.
Hay on the Harmony of Form. 18 Plates, 4to. 15s.
The Little Artist's Companion. Oblong royal 8vo. 3s. 6d.
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LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Sir E. L. Bulwer's new work, "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," is advancing towards completion. Its publication is expected, we understand, about Christmas.

Mr. James has in the press a new work, entitled "FOREST DAYS." We believe, from what we hear, this is likely to prove one of Mr. James's most successful publications.

We are happy to find that the new Copyright Act will materially impede the shameless piracies which have been so successfully practised on Popular Works. By the new law the mere possession of a spurious copy in a library incurs a penalty, and soon we hope this just provision will be in operation in all our colonies.

Mrs. Jameson's "HAND-BOOK" to the Private Picture Galleries may be expected speedily; also the Viscountess St. Jean's "TRAVELLING SKETCHES."

Two of our annual publications, which are always in request on fashionable tables, are announced as immediately forthcoming—"BOYLE'S COURT GUIDE," and "MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE." The new editions corrected throughout to the date of publication.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The opening of new ports of traffic in China is expected to be followed by a great reaction in trade, and that capital will now find a ready and lucrative occupation, the impulse to speculation being highly animating. The first effect of the announcement of the favourable termination of the war was an immediate depression of the tea market; a stagnation of demand, and falling of prices, as well as a suspension of some advertised sales. Before the arrival of this news a fair degree of activity had been felt in the cotton market, and a steady business done at sustained prices. In coffee the demand is dull: sugar the same. The hosiery trade of Nottingham improving. A general reduction in the prices of provisions is perceptible, and things are undoubtedly assuming a somewhat more favourable aspect. There are whisperings afloat of the probability of a reduction in the Income Tax, though we believe with little foundation. We trust that the rallying of trade in consequence of the favourable termination of the war will be universally felt throughout the country.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 26th of November.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 173 one-half. — India Stock, 266.—Three per Cent. Consols, 94 five-eighths. —Three per Cents. Reduced, 94.—New Three and a Half per Cents. 101 three quarters.—Exchequer Bills New, 1000*l.*, 2*d.*, 54*s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Colombian, 10 three quarters.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 52 three quarters.—Spanish, Five per Cents. Acct., 17 one-eighth.—Dutch 5 per Cents. 100 one-eighth.—Portuguese New, 37 three-eighths.—Brazilian, 66 one quarter.

MONEY MARKET.—The probability of the Chancellor of the Exchequer being able to carry into effect the reduction of the rate of interest upon the three and a half per cent. annuities, has been much canvassed among city men. Though the measure is a bold one, yet that circumstances favour it is not disputed. But the public attention has been all at once engrossed by the auspicious and unexpected intelligence of the happy termination of our war with China, which has produced great excitement in the money market. The immediate consequence has been a rise in the funds. The difficulty of employing capital advantageously having induced holders to leave large investments in the stocks, the opening of opportunities in which it can be more profitably engaged is followed by a corresponding increase in value. When, however, the first excitement shall have ended, no farther advance is looked for, but rather a tendency to subside. In the Foreign market, Spanish stocks have also been materially affected by the news of the successful insurrection at Barcelona.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51' West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Oct.					
23	40-46	29.80-29.86	S.W. & W.	.46	Generally cloudy, rain in early part of morning.
24	29-44	29.11-29.45	N.W.	.02	Cloudy till the evening, rain about noon.
25	29-46	29.54-29.31	S.W.	.015	Raining generally during the day.
26	27-43	29.48-29.56	S. by W.	.72	Morning clear, afternoon cloudy.
27	34-47	29.59-29.65	W. by S.		Morning clear, afternoon cloudy.
28	33-47	29.58-stat.	S.W.		Clear.
29	24-45	29.70-29.86	N.W.		Clear.
30	24-46	30.00-30.09	S.W.		Clear till the evening.
31	39-51	30.13-30.16	S.W.		General overcast till the evening.
Nov.					
1	34-49	30.13-30.09	S.W. & N.W.		Clear.
2	32-51	30.04-30.00	N.b.W. & N.E.		General overcast till the evening.
3	31-51	29.92-29.89	N. by E.		Generally cloudy, except about noon, rain in even.
4	31-43	29.93-30.09	N. by E.		Morning clear, aft. cloudy, a shower about 2 P.M.
5	29-46	30.09-30.03	N. by E.		Generally clear till the evening.
6	30-42	30.09-stat.	N.	.085	Generally cloudy, rain and snow in the morning.
7	33-47	30.04-30.05	N. by E.		Cloudy, except noon, a little rain in the aft.
8	36-46	30.05-29.95	N. by W.		Morning clear, afternoon cloudy.
9	37-47	29.77-29.65	S.		Cloudy, rain from 6 to 9 in the evening.
10	41-50	29.63-29.52	S.	.15	General cloud, rain about 11 A.M.
11	43-55	29.19-28.91	S. by E.	.045	Cloudy, rain in morning and aft., evening clear.
12	40-50	29.04-29.45	S. by W.		Morn. clou., noon clear, aft. showery, even. clear.
13	43-51	29.45-29.22	S. by W.	.93	Raining gently during morning, evening clear.
14	37-49	29.62-29.69	N.W.	.1	Morning clear, aft. cloudy, rain in the evening.
15	40-45	29.59-stat.	E. b. N.	.57	Raining generally during the day.
16	41-43	29.66-29.79	N.E.	.43	Raining during morn., aft. cloudy, even. clear.
17	34-44	30.08-30.32	N. by E.		Generally cloudy.
18	29-42	29.43-29.36	N.E. & S.E.		Generally cloudy till the evening.
19	28-48	30.13-29.82	S.	.1	Raining generally during the day.
20	42-48	29.75-29.70	S.	.6	Generally cloudy.
21	33-44	29.71-29.76	N.		Morning clear, afternoon and evening cloudy.
22	30-35	29.41-29.25	S.E.	.18	Snow and rain morn., aft. cloudy, even. clear.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM OCT. 25, 1842, TO NOV. 18, 1842, INCLUSIVE.

Oct. 25.—R. Evans, J. Foster, S. Z. Langton, and T. Foster, Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, East India merchants.—J. Allen, Much Wyndley, Hertfordshire, cattle dealer.—H. Blackman, Cranbrook, grocer.—J. Wyatt, Plymouth, upholsterer.—J. Davison, Marton, Yorkshire, farmer.—T. Allen, Macclesfield, silkman.—J. Alexander and H. Gibbons, Wolverhampton, chemists.—H. Hedger and J. Hedger, Coventry, watch manufacturers.

Oct. 28.—S. White, Lamb's Conduit-street, surgeon.—T. Cornish, Great Marlborough-street, wine merchant.—W. Lyon, jun., Cambridge, chemist.—A. M. Terry, New Broad-street, City, cook.—J. Buckley, Higher Compton, Lancashire, coal master.—H. Fulford, Birmingham, draper.—E. Bussey, Sheffield, broker.—J. Pepper, Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, tailor.—W. Thorpe, Thorne, Yorkshire, scrivener.—J. Greaves, Sutton, Yorkshire, factor.

Nov. 1.—E. Fennell and R. Fennell, Aldermanbury, Postern, yarn-merchants.—A. Fricour, St. Martin's-lane, hotel-keeper.—W. Hopper, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, carpet warehousemen.—D. Lawson, Marylebone-street, Piccadilly, woollendrapers.—J. France, Manchester, cotton manufacturer.—Joshua Wood, James Wood, Joseph Wood, Richard Wood, John Wood, and Charles Wood, Denby Dale, Yorkshire.—J. P. Starling, Blake-ney, Norfolk, coal-merchant.—T. Smithson, York, tobaccoist.

Nov. 4.—J. Hague, W. Millar, and W. T. Grant, New Crane Iron Works, Wapping-wall, engineers.—J. Beaumont, Tottenham-court-road, surgeon.—S. Davis, Church-lane, Whitechapel, linen draper.—H. S. Winter, Regent-street, milliner.—J. Brown and R. H. Barrett, High-street-place, White-horse-lane, manufacturers of ship controllers.—W. Whapshott, Crosby-row, Southwark, engineer.—J. Muddell, Freemason's-court, Cheapside, wine merchant.—J. Hall, Winsford, Cheshire, grocer.—J. Sorby, Sheffield, steel manufacturer.—H. Miles, Southampton, woollendrapers.—S. A. Goddard and R. Hill, Birmingham, merchants.

Nov. 8.—E. Massy and R. Lambert, Watling-street, City, warehousemen.—J. B. Lodge, Gerrard-street, Soho, bath proprietor.—G. J. Marshall, Wood-street, Cheapside, woollen warehouseman.—J. Lindon, Plymouth, merchant.—J. O. Burnley and J. Auty, Heckmond-wicke, corn millers.—J. M. Frances, Gosport,

grocer.—T. A. Goodall, Epworth, Lincolnshire, chemist.—W. Tomkinson, Stoke-upon-Trent, wine merchant.—J. Cranbrook, Deal, draper.—J. Froste and I. Ashlin, Liverpool, merchants.—J. H. Anderson, Manchester, printer.

Nov. 11.—C. Yandel and G. Field, Beaumont-street, Marylebone.—R. Stuart, Grovener-wharf, Wilton-road, Pimlico, manufacturer of artificial granite.—H. Bunday, Upper York-place, Portland-town, St. Marylebone, builder.—G. J. Marshall and W. C. Hall, Wood street, Cheapside, woollen-warehousemen.—S. Ray, Duke-street, St. James's, bookbinder.—R. J. Webb, Piccadilly, tailor.—H. Charlton, Regent-street, milliner.—G. T. Knowles, Stockport, cotton-spinner.—T. B. Fehr, Dudley, wine merchant.—R. Lindon, Snapes, Devonshire, corn factor.—E. B. Robinson, Nottingham, printer.

Nov. 15.—W. Capon, New Bond-street, hatter.—J. Vanderlyn, Houndsditch, tailor.—J. N. Chapman, Upper Holloway, licensed victualler.—J. Cranbrook, Deal, draper.—T. J. Lancaster, Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, merchant.—D. Smith, Bucklersbury, merchant.—J. Ashworth, Rochdale, worsted manufacturer.—T. Brennan, Blackburn, linen draper.—G. Souter, Birmingham, japanner.—J. Hepworth, New Malton, Yorkshire, woollen draper.—J. Grant, Bristol, baker.—J. Suffolk, Birmingham, bridle cutter.—W. Collings, Devonport, baker.—T. Frith, Stafford, shoe manufacturer.—J. Lindon, Plymouth, merchant.—W. Street, Rickingham Superior, Suffolk, grocer.

Nov. 18.—T. Fisher, Camden Arms, Camden-town, victualler.—J. Jay, London-wall, builder.—G. Savage, Winchester, Hampshire.—S. Waters, Edenbridge, Kent, draper.—B. Lawrence, Crown-court, Old Broad-street, merchant.—T. Gilson, Bucklersbury, coffeehouse-keeper.—J. Alpin, Bicester, scrivener.—C. Bailey, Berkhamstead-St.-Peter, plumber.—T. Bignell, Chatham, linendraper.—R. Pinkerton, Mark-lane, merchant.—G. Deane, Upper Tooting, livery-stable-keeper.—W. Bayley, Hastings, wholesale grocer.—G. B. Brown, Liverpool, commission merchant.—W. Mason, Boston, Yorkshire, corn dealer.—W. Bull and P. Turner, Birmingham, printers.—T. Bell, New-castle-upon-Tyne, tea dealer.—S. Butler, W. Butler, and J. Butler, Birmingham, ironfounders.—R. Lindon, Marlborough, corn factor.—W. Collings, Devonport, baker.

NEW PATENTS.

E. Bell, of the College of Civil Engineers, Putney, Professor of Practical Mechanics, for improvements in applying heat in the manufacture of artificial fuel, which improvements are applicable to the preparation of asphalte, and for other purposes. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

S. Henson, of New City Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive apparatus, and in machinery for conveying letters, goods, and passengers from place to place through the air, part of which improvements are applicable to locomotive and other machinery to be used on water or on land. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

W. Smith, of Grosvenor Street, Camberwell, Gentleman, for improvements in treating certain animal matters to obtain products applicable to the manufacture of candles and other purposes. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

J. Rand, of Howland Street, Fitzroy Square, Artist, for improvements in making and closing metallic collapsable vessels. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

J. Hyde, of Dirchinfield, Cheshire, Machine-maker, and J. Hyde, of the same place, Cotton-spinner and Manufacturer, for a certain improvement or improvements in the machinery used for preparing cotton, wool, silk, flax, and similar fibrous materials for spinning. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

J. Ridsdale, of Leeds, for improvements in preparing fibrous materials for weaving and in sizing warps. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

J. F. Wilkey, of Mount Vernon, Exeter, Commission Agent, for improvements in carriages. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

J. G. Shipley, of Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, Saddler, for certain improvements in saddles. Oct. 6th, 6 months.

J. O. York, of Upper Coleshill Street, Eaton Square, for improvements in the manufacture of axles for railway wheels. Oct. 8th, 6 months.

W. G. Turner, of Gateshead, Durham, Doctor in Philosophy, for improvements in the manufacture of alum. Oct. 8th, 6 months.

C. E. Deutsche, of Fricour's Hotel, St. Martin's Lane, Gentleman, for improvements in combining materials to be used for cementing purposes, and for preventing the passage of fluids, and also for forming or constructing articles from such compositions of materials. Oct. 8th, 6 months.

S. Dotchin, of Myrtle Street, Hoxton, Jeweller, for improvements in paving, or covering and constructing road ways, and other surfaces. Communicated by his son, Samuel Dotchin, jun., recently deceased. Oct. 13th, 6 months.

C. T. Holcombe, of Valentines, near Ilford, Essex, Esq., for an improved mode of using certain materials as fuel; also an apparatus or method for collecting the smoke or soot arising from the combustion of such fuel, which apparatus or method is applicable to collecting the smoke or soot arising from the ordinary combustion of fuel; and also the application of the products arising from the combustion of the first mentioned materials as a manure, and for other useful purposes. Oct. 13th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Patent Agent, for certain improvements in the manufacture of artificial fuel. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Oct. 13th, 6 months.

R. W. Sievier, of Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, Gentleman, for certain improvements in looms for weaving, and in the mode or method of producing plain or figured goods or fabrics. Oct. 13th, 6 months.

P. Kagenbusch, of Lyth, in the county of York, Dyer, for certain improvements in the treatment of the alum rock, or schist, and in the manufacture and application of the products derived therefrom. Oct. 13th, 6 months.

H. Brown, of Selkirk, Manufacturer, and T. Walker, of the same place, Manufacturer, for improvements in woollen carding engines. Oct. 13th, 6 months.

T. Seville, of Royton, Lancaster, Cotton-spinner, for certain improvements in machinery used in the preparing and spinning of cotton, flax, and other fibrous substances. Oct. 20th, 6 months.

J. P. Budd, of Ystalyfera Iron Works, Swansea, for improvements in the manufacture of iron. Oct. 20th, 6 months.

W. Longmaid, of Plymouth, Accountant, for improvements in treating ores and other minerals, and in obtaining various products therefrom, certain parts of which improvements are applicable to the manufacture of alkali. Aug. 20th, 6 months.

J. Statham, of West Street, Saint Giles, Venetian Lock-maker, for improvements in the construction of locks for Venetian blinds used in carriages. Oct. 20th, 6 months.

G. C. Alzard, of Tichborne Street, Gentleman, for certain improvements in bread, biscuits, macaroni, vermicelli, and pastry, and the mode of making the same. Oct. 22nd, 6 months.

G. Hazeldine, of Lant Street, Borough, Coach Manufacturer, for certain improvements in omnibuses. Oct. 27th, 6 months.

G. Gardner, of Banbury, Oxon, Ironmonger, for improvements in cutting hay, straw, and other vegetable matters for the food of animals. Oct. 27th, 6 months.

J. Mullins, of Battersea, Surgeon, for improvements in making oxides of metals, in preparing silver and other metals from their compounds with other metals, and in making white lead, sugar of lead, and other salts of lead, and salts of other metals. Oct. 27th, 6 months.

R. Williams, of Manchester, Fustian Shearer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for raising, shearing, and finishing velvets or other piled goods by power. Oct. 27th, 6 months.

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